

GRANITE CHIPS



Central Junior High
June 1927

Compliments of

ROOMS 7 - 8 - 9 and 10

Compliments of

ROOMS 2 and 6

Compliments of

ROOM 32

Compliments of

ROOMS 25 and 26

Compliments of

ROOMS 22 and 34

We Aim To Be :

Ready

Orderly

Obedient

Merry

Obliging

Neat

Excelling

ROOM 1

Our story takes up
just one line :

“Greetings — from
Room Twenty-nine!”



CENTRAL HIGH STAFF—1927

“Granite Chips”

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QUINCY, MASS.

June 1927

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Something to Think About During Vacation

What shall we do with our lives?

When we have finished school, and we stand ready to take up the serious business of making our way in the world? Should we accept, haphazardly, the occupation which may be near at hand and, for the moment, convenient, and continue to drift at random through life?

Most certainly not. Our work in life should be the outcome of earnest thought and vision for the future.

When we are old enough for definite thinking, which we should be during our first or second year in high school, the question of our inclinations should be settled.

If we prefer business, we should study for a specific business, not business in general, but the one business in which we feel we should be most successful. If we aim toward a certain profession, we should do our best to prepare ourselves for the study of that profession later on. So let us make a definite plan now, and do our utmost to further that plan both in and out of school.

Another question of equal importance, but which is not always considered, is this: Have we the qualities of character and of disposition which are essential if we would become great in the work we would choose?

We have known of great surgeons who have attributed their professional success to the fact that their hearts, as well as their hands, had been in their work.

We know many teachers who enjoy not only the respect, but the admiration and love of their pupils, because they understand young folks and can make the dull-est subject interesting because of their knowledge of what appeals most to young minds.

There are clergymen, who, although

“Play Safe”

The Safety Committee, appointed by Mayor Thomas McGrath at the request of Governor Alvan T. Fuller, has asked us to co-operate in making “Our City” the safest in the Commonwealth.

I'm sure the citizens of Central Junior High are glad to assist in every way possible, not only in keeping ourselves safe but also in helping others, especially the younger boys and girls.

When crossing a street: Stop—Look left—Look right—Play safe!

Quincy may count on our hearty co-operation in the solution of this very serious problem.

Sincerely yours,

DAVID H. GOODSPEED, *Master*.

A Word to Our Citizens

As school is drawing to a close and vacation time approaching, I wish to thank you all for your co-operation during my term. I know that through your help the school government has accomplished all that I had planned.

Thank you, and a pleasant vacation to everyone!

RUBY DAKERS, *Mayor*.

they may not be brilliant orators, are greatly beloved by their people, because of their wholehearted devotion to duty.

These are people who have carefully considered this question of natural qualifications, and have chosen wisely.

I know a fellow whose one great ambition is to become a star runner, but with his short, fat legs and his turned-in toes he has as much chance of realizing his ambition as I have of going into theatricals to play the part of Tom Thumb.

I know another young man who expects some day to become a second Muddy Ruel, but who can catch a ball only when it is passed to him on a platter.

There was a time, quite recently, when I aspired to a position, which I felt might be the foundation of a future political career, but having met with most emphatic defeat at the hands of a demure and diminutive opponent, I have decided that I shall in all probability be more successful in some other line of activity.

But to return to our subject: If, after careful consideration we decide that we have the physical, mental and spiritual qualities which fit in with our inclinations, we can make no mistake in following those inclinations, wheresoever they may lead us.

To attain to any high calling we must develop the qualities of faith, courage and steadfastness of purpose, that we may go forward no matter how difficult conditions may be.

Thus shall we fit ourselves for the accomplishment of the things in life that are worth while.

ERNEST W. MACDONALD, June '30.

* * * *

To Our Principal

Here's to our principal, faithful and good,
Who does many more duties than principals should.
Here's to our principal, day in and day out,
We all think of him as a very good scout.

VIOLET PACE, Feb. '32.

Lindbergh—The Hero of the Hour

Today the whole world is rejoicing because of the wonderful achievement which took place not many days ago. Charles Lindbergh, twenty-five years old, alone, unafraid, has flown from New York to Paris! France is at his feet, and the world is his. Yet in all his glory, whenever he speaks of his trip, he always says, "We did this," or "We did that." By "we" he means his aeroplane and himself. Had his plane not been of the best material, had the inductor compass which he praises so highly not been so exact, and had the oil and gas not been of the finest quality, there would be without doubt another story to tell today.

So much for the plane. Now let us take a look at the man at the wheel. He, too, must have been of the finest material, and we find him so. He was courageous, he was healthy, he was willing to sacrifice his life, if need be, for the cause in which he was interested. His brain had never been dimmed by the drinking of alcohol. America may well be proud of her plane and her man.

It seems to me that several lessons can be learned from his flight. First, to accomplish anything worth while in life we must have the best of equipment, second, in order to be prepared for anything which we may be called upon to do, we must keep ourselves physically fit, and thirdly, we should always be willing to die for what we consider is right.

MILDRED MORETON, Grade 9B.

Loyalty Week Parade

The parade of Boys' Loyalty Week was a great success. Our principal, Mr. Goodspeed, mentioned that the citizens of Quincy, who wondered where their money for taxes went, found out that there were a few children in the city who needed pencils, books, etc.

The pupils in their rainbow caps made a colorful showing, and the exercises at Pfaffmann's Oval were greatly enjoyed by their proud parents and friends.

Good-bye

How swiftly and how pleasantly
The months have drifted by!
One year has gone, our credits won;
We're leaving Junior High.

With intermingled feelings,
Half joy and half regret,
We say, "good-bye" to Junior High,
Of course we're glad, but yet—

There is an ache within our hearts,
Good friends all tried and true,
We leave behind, we go to find
The untried and the new.

And may the new and untried prove
Likewise to be steadfast,
And kind, and true; and may we do
Our best, as in the past—

To prove that we are worthy,
Not seeking selfish gain,
Doing each day the good we may,
If the heights we would attain.

ERNEST MACDONALD, June, '30

Safety First

Monday, June 6, the school was honored by an address from the Honorable Russell A. Sears, ex-mayor of Quincy. His topic was the safety campaign now being conducted throughout Massachusetts and other New England States.

He stressed the fact that the greatest number of people now being killed were the little tots and the elderly folk. He emphasized, also, that we should look first to the left and then to the right, before crossing a main thoroughfare.

Governor Fuller is offering three cups to three cities, of over 25,000 population, which have the least accidents during the campaign. Mr. Sears urged us all to try and bring one of those cups to Quincy.

Leonard Angelo, in his mechanical drawing class, made an appropriate poster on which was inscribed:

"Here lies John Jay Walker,
He didn't look left, he didn't look right."

Mr. Muir's Address

On March 31, Mr. Muir, our Superintendent of Schools, gave us an inspiring address on success and a worthwhile life.

He illustrated his points with brief

sketches from the lives of several famous men of the present day, many of whom he knows personally. Frequent applause and laughter showed that his humorous anecdotes were highly appreciated.

8-A Class Trip

The 8A Class trip which took place on Wednesday, June 8, was thoroughly enjoyed. At eight-thirty o'clock three buses laden with lunch boxes and good spirits left the school to visit the many points of interest in Concord and Lexington. Miss Gizarelli, Miss Smith, Miss Kennedy, and Mr. Goodspeed accompanied the class, and a glorious June day helped, also, in making the expedition even more pleasant.

Attendance Banner

The following rooms have had the attendance banner since the week of March 4, 1927:

<i>Week Ending</i>	<i>Room</i>	<i>Percent</i>
March 4	32	100
March 11	2	99.3
March 18	32	100
March 25	32	99
April 1	32	99
April 8	5	98.3
April 14	27	96.67
April 29	32	99
May 6	1	98.2
May 13	29	98.2
May 20	32	100
May 27	26	97.8
June 3	29	98.9

Debating Club

The Debating Club has had practically no regular meetings this semester, as the members were preparing the final debate. Then, after this debate, as spring was coming, with baseball, track, etc., the club disbanded.

The question for the debate, which took place April 5, was: "Resolved: That the Philippine Islands should be given their independence within a period of ten years."

On the affirmative side were:

1st Speaker—Roy Leander.

2nd Speaker—Bernadette McWeeney.

3rd Speaker—Lillian Pearce.

Alternate—George Murphy.

On the negative side were:

1st Speaker—Paul Hamill.

2nd Speaker—Mildred Peterson.

3rd Speaker—Laura Wiltshire.

Alternate—Edward Barrett.

Ruby Dakers was chairman of the debate, with James Willson as timekeeper, and Mr. Fish, Miss Wordell, and Miss Hanley as judges. The parents of several of the debaters were present as guests.

The judges unanimously voted the negative side the winner, and gave two out of three votes to Lillian Pearce as best speaker.

JOHN WASTCOAT, June '30.

Reporters' Club

The Reporters' Club under the supervision of Miss Balboni, Miss Quinn, and Mr. Webb, has accomplished a great deal of work during the last year.

Every Thursday of each school week, we have made it possible to have in the *Patriot Ledger*, a column which is well worth reading. Our principal aim has been to keep the public well informed as to what is going on at Central Junior High. We have about ten wide-awake reporters and they see that all news is published in A-1 style and that none of the school activities are overlooked.

However, one must not think that the Reporters' Club is all work. No—it is not. We have tried to have an interesting speaker, or some other form of amusement, every other week.

Among the speakers that have addressed our club are: Mr. Stevens of the *Patriot Ledger*; Mr. Selva, who at one time told the story of "Beau Geste" and on another occasion gave a talk on swimming; Miss Browne, who interested us with a talk on London, which she illustrated with many pictures; Mr. Lynch who told of some of his experiences during the World War; and Mr. Webb who entertained us with a talk on his recent visit to Washington.

It is planned that the Reporters' Club

be continued next year. If you want to keep up with the times and know what is going on, join this organization and learn something of the fundamentals of news-writing.

AVICE C. MORTON, June 30.

Dramatic Club

Although the Dramatic Club has given only one play for the pupils of the school, it has not been entirely idle.

Meetings were held nearly every Wednesday throughout the school year, and at these meetings plays were either read or enacted. Mr. Silva, who is in charge of the club, has, at various times, given the members some interesting and valuable advice concerning acting.

Mr. Silva will coach next year's Dramatic Club and he plans to have many entertaining plays ready for those who are interested.

AVICE C. MORTON, June, '30.

Girls' Glee Club

Every Thursday we meet with Miss Randall, and Miss Wordell, in the assembly hall to practice. Nearly all of the thirty members attend. Everyone comes in with a happy heart to sing and each meeting is a success. Miss Randell says that we have ability, and we are ready to fill any engagement at any time.

Whenever our club sings in public the North Junior High School joins with us. We always dress in white, and try to stand erectly with eyes on the director.

We have been before the public three times this year, twice at the Quincy High School, and once in Jordan Hall, where the conclave was held. Each time we have been well spoken of because our training from Miss Randall and Miss Howes has been excellent.

Any girl who enjoys music should join this club, for it will give her a change from studying and is education as well.

LOIS PINKHAM.

Orchestra

There has always been an orchestra at the Central Junior High School, but this year Miss Howes told us that if we were

good enough she would take some members of both Junior High School orchestras and enter us in the "Third Annual New England Music Festival." Everybody wanted to get into it and so worked hard. About a month before the contest Miss Howes combined both orchestras and took a few out at a time till there were about sixty left. The contest numbers were the "Sarabane" and "Fairy Tale."

The last meeting before the concert lasted about two hours, for we practiced our selections, the "Sarabane," "March Militaire," "Venice Forever," "Chanson Triste," and a "warm up" piece, "Boston High School Cadets' March."

At eight thirty on Saturday morning there was a bus in the front of the school, but before we left there was a question to be answered: 'Should we take the cat who was doing the heavy looking on?' The answer was decided in the negative, so about eight thirty-five we left without "Tom." On the way cheers were given for the school, Miss Randall and Miss Lydon, who accompanied us. There was also much joking and talking.

At the Arena we met the other pupils coming from Quincy. The Senior High School orchestra was called in and we went to Room 4, where we put our things away. We listened to some orchestras and went across the street to Recital Hall where we were to play. The platform was small, so when our turn came we arranged the seats on the floor. After tuning, we played our "warm up piece," which was stopped in the middle and a flute gave a squeak. We then played the contest numbers and when we got through one of the judges remarked that we played well. Everything did not go along smoothly, however, for someone forgot his music and a fiddle was sat on and broken.

We then returned to the Arena where someone discovered a "Carl Fisher stand" on which a raid was made.

After the orchestra finished playing, we got what we were waiting for—Lunch! We were given tickets and got in line. The tickets were collected and in return we took a box, a bottle of milk, and an ice cream hoodsie. Inside the box there was cake, candy, a banana, sandwiches

and a moxie ticket.

After lunch we watched the band parade and then came the most important part of the program. All the orchestras and bands were to play together. The different types of instruments were put together. The victorious band and orchestra of Class A played their pieces and other prizes were awarded to others of Class A and of B. John Sousa led some of the pieces which we all played. When everything was over Miss Tuttle said that someone told her we had won first prize in class D, which is the class we were in, but she was not sure.

We did win first prize and the question was, "Who was going to have the cup first?" The Central Junior High School orchestra voted in North Junior's favor, but Miss Howes said that they would vote in our favor, so she would leave the cup here first, because this school is older and has more pupils leaving in June. Then it was decided that another cup would be bought which would be exactly the same.

Three cheers for Miss Howes, Miss Randall, Miss Lydon and the orchestra!

HAROLD SLATE, Feb. '31.

Library Staff

During these closing days the Library Staff is working overtime helping with the year's inventory, mending books, clipping magazines, and getting the library in order for the work of next year. But this is in line with the object of the club whose initials are "L. S.," which not only stand for Library Staff, but for Library Service. Some of the Staff even suggest that they mean Library Slaves! However, this readiness to help is only a part of the general spirit of all of the students of Central Junior High who so willingly say, "Yes," when asked to perform a favor.

At the March inauguration and initiation meeting the following officers were elected:

President.....	THEODORE DARRAH
Vice-President.....	DORIS LISS
Secretary.....	VIRGINIA COCHRANE
Treasurer.....	GILBERT BOOTH
Chief-of-the-Staff.....	HELEN CUTLER

At the final meeting of the year, gold pins will be given to some of the mem-

bers who go to High School in September. To merit a pin a member must have been faithful in his library work, must have attended all of the meetings, and must have received a good average in his school work. These people will receive them this year:

Marjorie Hill, Marie Johnson, Laura McPhee, Vera Newell, Richard Porter, Aaron Redcay, and John Walsh, who graduated in February.

During the past year the library has been decorated with two new pictures, "The Reading from Homer" and "The Rialto in Venice." In order to buy another, the Staff plans to sell orangeade during one or two lunch periods. We hope that you will come and buy and will later enjoy the picture bought as a result of your support.

The Staff is grateful to Mrs. Hermanson who takes such good care of our plants over the vacations. We wish a happy summer to all of the others who help make the library cleaner and more attractive. We also hope that the teachers and students will have a pleasant vacation.

THE LIBRARY STAFF.

Books for Vacation Time

Nearly all of these books may be found at the Thomas Crane Public Library or at the branches.

SPORTS

CAMP—Book of Sports and Games.

CLARK—Baseball, Individual and Team play.

DAVIS—Harper's Boating Book for Boys.

MARKS—Vacation Camping for Girls.

BEARD—Do It Yourself.

How to fish, capture wild animals, and do other out-of-door activities.

FOR THE PRACTICAL PERSON

HALL—Handicraft for Handy Boys.

How to make things, from cork toys to log cabins.

FABRE—Here and There in Popular Science.

WALTON—Flower Finder. If you want a pocket size use, ask for

REED—Flower Guide.

BEARD—American Boys' Book of Bugs, Butterflies and Beetles.

Especially good for one whose hobby is collecting.

TO PICK UP IN BETWEEN TIMES

HALE—Peterkin Papers.

For one with a sense of humor.

FRENCH—Lance of Kanana.

A story laid in the land of the Sheiks.

FERRIS AND KIMBALL—Girl Scouts Short Stories.

MATHIEWS—Boy Scouts Book of Stories.

CLARK AND QUIGLEY—ETIQUETTE, JR.

How to act when on one's good manners.

COOPER—Lions 'n' Tigers 'n' Everything. The inside of circus life.

UNTERMEYER—This Singing World.

As the title says the poems in this collection are musical, and many are of the present day.

FOR LONGER HOURS

CERVANTES—Don Quixote.

DICKENS—David Copperfield.

A good abridged edition is by E. F. Smith.

MAJOR—When Knighthood Was in Flower.

A love story of olden times.

LAMB—Tales from Shakespeare.

DUMAS—Three Musketeers.

Get the book illustrated by Winter and compare the pictures with those in which Douglas Fairbanks appeared.

TRAVELLING FROM A HAMMOCK

PUTNAM—David Goes to Greenland.

How one boy spent his vacation last year.

NASHBAUM—Deric of Mesa Verde.

How another one spent his.

BORUP—Tenderfoot with Peary.

Good to read on a hot day. "Humorous, slangy and full of pep."

BULLEN—Cruise of the Cachalot.

Deep sea adventure after whales.

VERNE—Twenty Thousand Leagues
Under the Sea.
Imaginary adventures which foretold
the days of the submarine.

SURE TO BE ENJOYED BY BOYS

PIER—Granis of the Fifth.
Popular school story.
PULSFORD—Old Brig's Cargo.
Thieves, villains and treasure hunters.
PEASE—Tattooed Man.
Sea and mystery story.
HAWES—Great Quest.
Adventures on the sea and in Africa.
BARTLETT—Spunk, Leader of the Dog
Team.

TO PLEASE THE GIRLS

MARSHALL—John.
John is not a boy!
DIX—Merrylips.
An old favorite.
BLAKE—Mysterious Tutor.
A new mystery story.
BENNETT—Judy of York Hill.
Life at a girl's boarding school.

ADVENTUROUS PEOPLE

CODY—Life and adventures of Buffalo
Bill.
A thrilling life.
RICHARDS—Joan of Arc.
A girl who did a man's job and more.
HAGEDORN—Boys' Life of Roosevelt.
Very popular when it first appeared
in the Boy Scout's magazine.

IF YOU HAVEN'T READ THESE BEFORE, DON'T MISS THE CHANCE THIS SUMMER

ALCOTT—Little Women.
CLEMENS—Adventures of Huckleberry
Finn.
FISHER—Understood Betsey.
For the younger girls.
LONDON—Call of the wild.
Popular dog story.
MONTGOMERY—Anne of Green Gables.
WIGGEN—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.
PYLE—Men of Iron.
Enjoyed by both boys and girls.

What Would Happen If—

Annie were Tenor instead of Aalto.
Edith were Cupid instead of Archer.
Hazel were Nut instead of Berry.
Gilbert were Counter instead of Booth.
Marjorie were Green instead of Brown.
Carolyn were Sandtrap instead of
Bunker.
Gerry were Freezes instead of Burns.
Clifford were Waiter instead of Butler.
Albert were Kick instead of Butt.
Edwin were Coolidge instead of Calvin.
Margaret were Gun instead of Cannon.
Doris were Chapel instead of Church.
Robey were Chef instead of Cooke.
Leonard were Pinegrove instead of
Cosgrove.
Louise were Going instead of Cum-
ming.
Theresa were De Pleasant instead of
De Cross.
Annie were Younger instead of Elder.
Virginia were Gloomy instead of Fair.
Gordon were Ally instead of Faux.
Dorothy were Hunter instead of
Fisher.
Sidney were Bear instead of Fox.
Sarah were Laughio instead of Giglio.
Thelma were Bad instead of Goode.
Inez were Uneeda instead of Graham.
Arthur were Choppet instead of
Hackett.
Marjorie were Valley instead of Hill.
Fred were Holstream instead of Hol-
brook.
Alice were Stick instead of Kane.
Louis were Kittens instead of Katz.
William were Rudder instead of Keeler.
John were Queen instead of King.
Bertha were Dumb instead of Learned.

Grace were Tight instead of Luce.
 Verna were Hamlet instead of Mac
 Beth.
 Douglas were Woman instead of Mann.
 Marion were MacFat instead of Mc-
 Lean.
 David were Kind instead of Meaney.
 Lloyd were Mailman instead of Mes-
 senger.
 John were Inches instead of Miles.
 John were Happy instead of Moody.
 William were Dimes instead of Nichols.
 Alfred were Footsey instead of Pawsey.
 Jerry were Stones instead of Pitts.
 Mildred were Flattened instead of
 Prest.
 Claire were Indian instead of Redman.
 Richard were Confetti instead of Rice.
 Kenneth were Walker instead of Ryder.
 David were Gravelovitz instead of
 Sandlovitz.
 Harold were Shingle instead of Slate.
 William were Moon instead of Starr.
 Bertha were Iron instead of Steele.
 Ida were Ban instead of Stun.
 Doris were Cop instead of Sheriff.
 Albert were Dressmaker instead of
 Taylor.
 Melvin were Prickes instead of Thorns.
 John were Vest instead of Wastcoat.
 Bonnie were Black instead of White.
 Herbert were Gale instead of Wind.

Nonsense Rhymes

The Fourth ———
 A little pistol, but a toy,
 A little powder, and a boy.

A little blowing
 In the barrel,
 A little angel's
 Bright apparel.

Why are fish intelligent?
 They go in schools.

Joe: "Why didn't Lindbergh fly over
 Scotland?"

Pat: "The air was too close, you
 apple."

Q. "Why won't two bananas fight?"

A. "Because they are yellow."

Miss Balboni: "What was made in
 memory of O. Henry?"

B. S.: "A candy factory."

Miss B.: "Now for home work, I want
 you all to write up something for the
 Granite Chips."

For: "Can we write anything we
 want?"

Miss B.: "What for instance?"

For: "Nothin'."

Little Boy: "Mother, do the people of
 the Torrid Zone wear clothes?"

Mother: "No, dear."

Boy: "Well, why did daddy put some
 buttons in the collection box?"

Miss C.: "Can anyone give me a cor-
 rect definition of a blotter?"

Bright Boy: "A blotter is a loseable
 thing that is looked for while your ink is
 drying."

A teacher had been teaching her class
 the history of a clause. The next day the
 superintendent arrived. The teacher,
 showing off her class, asked Johnny
 where the first clause came from. Johnny,
 who had been busily talking to a friend,
 answered, "On cats, of course."

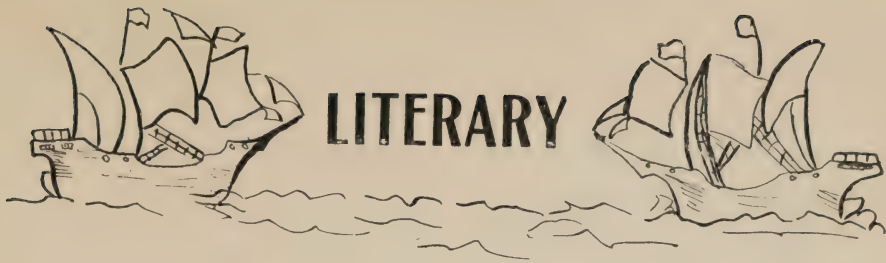
Can You Do It?

A man deposited \$50 in a certain bank.
 He drew his money as follows:

\$20	leaving \$30
15	" 15
9	" 6
6	" ?
<hr/>		
\$50		\$51

He claimed the bank owed him \$1.00.
 Have you tried it?

"SHEAR NONSENSE."



A Storm in the China Sea

Thus far, our voyage had been a success. We had left Canton thirty-six hours before, hoping to reach Singapore before sunset on the following day.

It was shortly after dinner when I strolled on deck, and hanging over the rail, gazed lazily at the scene that was spread before me. There was no land in sight, and all about the ship the sea rolled in smooth, glassy billows. Overhead the sky was a deep, cloudless blue. The ship plowed easily through the waves.

"Ripping good weather," I remarked, casually, to the wrinkled old Chinese sailor beside me.

He shook his head sagely and pointed a skinny, yellow finger to a black speck on the northern horizon.

"Big storm soon," he croaked, "three, four hour and all likee dat." He indicated the black spot.

From the present appearance of the sky, I was much inclined to doubt his statement; nevertheless, I felt apprehensive, for he had been on many a voyage and knew all the signs of fair and foul weather.

After lingering awhile on deck, I went below to my cabin to read, and, though I did not mean to, still, because of the intense heat, the comfort of my bunk, and the rolling motion of the vessel, I fell asleep.

I was waked suddenly by unusual sounds and by the increased motion of our ship. Jumping to my feet, I ran up the companion-way and was soon on deck.

Captain Saunders, the mate, and the boatswain were bellowing out orders, and cursing the sailors roundly for their clumsiness. The crew was taking in the sail, and stowing the cargo in the hatches, for

greater safety. Everything necessary to make a boat secure in a storm was being done.

High in the air, scores of sea-birds were circling and flapping, adding their terrified screams and shrieks to the din on board. The sky was a queer copper color, and to the north, scowling, heavy black clouds were hurrying over the zenith. The air was hot and sultry, and though there was no wind, the sea was a mass of white-caps.

I felt someone tap me gently on the shoulder, and turning, I beheld the old Chinese who had prophesied the storm.

"Big storm just as me told," he said. "Samee kind when my father drowned twenty, thirty year ago." A queer glint was in his little, black, almond-shaped eyes. "Maybe you never see England any more."

I shuddered at the quiet, potent manner in which he uttered these words and quickly rid myself of his odious presence. Wishing to help and to forget, if possible, the warning of the old Chinese, I asked Captain Saunders if I could do anything, and soon I was busy running hither and thither, lending a hand here and there.

We had scarcely half finished the necessary preparations when the storm broke with tropical quickness. Although it was only about five in the afternoon, it was almost pitch dark. By this time the wind had risen and was blowing more fiercely every moment, dashing spray high in the air. All hands that were not needed on deck were sent below. The pilot was lashed to the tiller.

As this was only my second trip on water, and as I had never seen a real storm at sea, I crouched in a corner on

a coil of rope and made the most of my opportunity. To my surprise, I found that I was not alone. Beside me squatted the old Chinese, peering quietly out at the wild scene spread before us.

The ship was jerking, creaking and heaving, and the waves lashed and thundered against the ship's sides with such vigor that I thought it would be rent and splintered into a thousand peices. The pounderous, heavy-laden clouds poured down torrents of rain, drenching me and my companion to the skin. Occasional flashes of lightning revealed weird, wild glimpses of the ocean, that made my heart quake. The blackish-green waves were gigantic. They seemed like huge monsters approaching with troubled white crests to swallow up the ship as nothing. In between these mammoth mountains of water were deep, whirling, black valleys, which gradually rose with each oncoming wave. The vessel was tossed like a frail troy by the elements.

Suddenly a great streak of lightning illuminated the sea and sky. To my horror I saw what appeared to be an immense wall of water approaching swiftly—relentlessly. I couldn't suppress a little shriek as I seized the iron bar around which the ropes were wound. I sat there clinging to the bar, for a moment that seemed an eternity. My heart was beating terribly, my throat seemed choked, and I had not even strength enough to keep my eyes open. The boat gave a terrific lurch and the sound of tearing wood and canvas rang in my ears. Then the water rolled along the deck and buried me for a moment, at the same time nearly tearing my hold from the bar and washing me overboard. As the water rolled back over the deck into the ocean I opened my eyes and gasped. Was that writhing thing rolling in the water a human form? I realized with a sickening thud that it must be the old Chinese! Slipping, sliding, half submerged in water, the old man was meeting the fate his father had met before him. A moment later his body was washed overboard into the cruel sea.

The old man's prophecy had come partly true. It was only by the smallest chance that I had escaped his fate and

I thanked God for sparing me.

* * * * *

After that last wave the storm abated. The sky cleared, and the rain ceased with the suddenness with which it had begun. To the east the surf boomed on a reef, and the spray which was tossed into the air shone like drops of liquid gold from the reflection of the setting sun. Here and there on the water dead birds floated.

Almost immediately the crew set about repairing the damage done by the storm.

The handicapped condition of the ship and the high seas delayed our voyage somewhat, but we finally reached Singapore, four days after leaving Canton.

LILLIAN PEARCE, June, '30.

The Secret Panel

It was the eve of Lady Robinson's marriage to the Duke of Marlborough. The bride's home was decorated beautifully for the pompous ceremony and the East Room of the old Robinson castle was filled with expensive wedding gifts.

Among them was a very valuable painting, the original as painted by Sir Edward of Dunberry, a renowned painter and sculptor of England, of Lord Nelson, a famous English admiral. Many people had tried to possess the world-famed picture, but very few had been successful and Lady Robinson guarded her treasure with greatest care.

About ten o'clock this happy night, while the wedding guests were merrily feasting and drinking, two suspicious persons crept softly up to the old castle. One was "Ed" Smith and the other was "Tim" Jones, both notorious gangsters from the Limèhouses of London Town. They had always escaped the law's punishment and took many desperate chances because of their good luck. They were planning to steal the picture of Lord Nelson and gain a great deal of money.

"We've got to hurry if we expect to get the picture and sell it to Dunham," whispered Ed gruffly.

"Yes, and remember your orders," was Tim's reply.

They reached the castle and Ed con-

cealed himself in vines and shrubberies while Tim cautiously looked for a favorable place to climb to the East Room. When it was found, he motioned Ed to follow him.

The leader peered cautiously into the room and saw that the guard was asleep beside an empty bottle of champagne. Both thieves slid into the room.

“There it is,” said Ed rather loudly.

“Not so loud there,” whispered Tim, pointing to the sleeping guard, but the man slept on.

Both gangsters lifted the picture from its place on the table where it occupied the most conspicuous place of all the gifts. Tim pulled the portrait from the frame and began to roll it up when the guard stirred.

“Quick, this way,” shouted Ed motioning toward the secret panel.

The guard ran to tell the master of the house of the disturbance, and, in the meantime, with the treasure rolled securely under Tim’s arm, both thieves slipped away through the secret panel into a dungeon, deep, deep down.

No trace could be found of the criminals nor the picture, for they had gone through the secret panel unknown to everyone except the robbers, who had investigated the castle before it was occupied. But alas, in their haste they had forgotten the terrible imprisonment.

Years later while architects were looking over the ruined castle and drawing plans to rebuild it, one of them came upon the door that led into the dungeon. There in one corner lay the two skeletons of the criminals with the long sought-for picture of Lord Nelson in one of the skeleton’s hands. The designer was awarded a large sum of money that had been laid aside by Lady Robinson if the picture should be found. At last the mystery was solved and the secret panel discovered!

HILJA MALMSTROM, June, ’30.

The Ancient Bonnet

I.

It was an old and faded hat,
Her grandma used to wear,
In olden days when they wore bustles,
And never bobbed their hair.

II.

The flowers had lost their natural look,
The ribbon lost its color.
Ah, never with this bonnet on,
Could you ever catch a feller.

III.

Her mother said, “You wear that hat,
Upon this Easter day,
You cannot have a new chapeau,
I have the rent to pay.”

IV.

She cried and cried, and still she cried,
Oh, bitter tears she wept!
The night before the fatal day,
Oh, not a wink she slept!

V.

The bright sun shone on Easter morn,
And joyous bells were pealing,
But she put on her hat forlorn,
With a most unhappy feeling.

VI.

The children of the neighborhood
Were clad in bright array,
They looked at her and laughed aloud
In church, that Easter day.

VII.

But when they issued from the church,
They found to their dismay,
The sky was black; the rain had come,
To spoil their bonnets gay.

VIII.

But one was glad, no longer sad,
She laughed in fiendish glee,
And slowly down the street she walked,
Gone was her agony.

IX.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on the watery streets,
The lightning flashed, the thunder crashed,
And the rain came down in sheets.

X.

Ruined and wet was that ancient hat,
But little did she care,
For never again, that awful thing,
Would she ever have to wear.

ALICE MAGNANT, June, ’30.

If Walls Could Talk

Think of the secrets one would learn
if walls could talk!

The walls of Egypt would be able to
tell us about the ancient pharaohs and
their queens, and of the meaning of the
queer scriptures of that time, some of
which are still unsolved by man.

Imagine the wonderful tales the walls of the Acropolis at Athens, Greece, would be able to tell! The struggles of war and the culture of peace on which for years they have gazed.

The walls of ancient Rome would thrill us with an exciting account of a gladiatorial combat or fill us with horror over the fate of the thousands of noble citizens who perished beneath them because of the wicked acts of Nero.

Sunny Spain certainly has walls whose stories would be worth our hearing. They might whisper to us of how Queen Isabella sold her jewels to get money for Columbus.

And in America, what thousands of things walls could tell! Mount Vernon walls could tell us of Washington's life, and the walls of Abraham Lincoln's cabin could surely picture for us that man's boyhood. The Old North Church would probably fairly burst with pride to relate the story of Paul Revere, of how the lanterns were hung in its belfry to signal the coming of the British, and of that heroic ride "through every middlesex, village and farm."

Our own school walls would tell other classes of our school government, our mayors, and our councilors. And surely they would sing praises of our present fine baseball and track teams which have played so valiantly and made an enviable showing for Central Junior High. I'm certain, too, that if our school walls could talk they would never neglect telling about Tom, our school cat.

And walls all over the world would entertain coming generations with stories of the celebration in honor of our present hero, Charles Lindbergh.

These are but a few of the tales that walls might tell us, if they could, and when we think these over it seems a shame that walls cannot talk. However, it is our good fortune that we, and people for several generations before us, can and could write history in order that coming generations may profit.

JEANNETTE MILLER, June, '30.

My Ambition

If I had but plenty of money,
Money enough and to spare,
I would travel the wide world over,
All of my gold to share.

I would still the voice of the hungry,
And strengthen the cry of the weak,
I would care for the sick and the suffering
And aid those who happiness seek.

I would take the poor little children
To be clothed in all that is best
And to my Father in Heaven,
Don't you think I could leave all the rest?

LAURA WILTSHIRE, June, '30.

Fairies

Fairies pink and fairies blue,
Fairies of each rainbow hue
Are playing in my lane.
For Spring is here,
With its joy and cheer,
To chase away the rain!

EDITH DONDE, June, '30.

An Heroic Deed

It was a still, hot, breathless day. Not a leaf on a tree stirred. Even the birds were still.

June and Alice Haywood were writing letters to their friends in the east who were planning to come and spend the summer in Texas.

Walking across the field towards the new oil well was their sister, Rosamond, beside her best pal, her father. Their minds were intent upon the well into which Mr. Haywood had put his entire fortune.

Up and down went the shaft, the working men standing around with everything ready for the oil, if it should happen to spurt.

"Dad," said Rosamond, "I just know this well is going to be a success."

"I hope so, for June and Alice want to go east to school and I want to send them," replied her father.

"Poor Dad," thought Rosamond, "June thinks more of going to school in the east than of anything else."

When they were a few feet from the staging the cry, "Oil! Oil!" sounded. Immediately there was great commotion.

"Oh Dad! Oh June! Oh Alice!" cried Rosamond, taking her father's hands in



CENTRAL HIGH TRACK TEAM

both of hers and dancing around and around. June and Alice came out singing, "We can go east! We can go east!" Then they ran into the house to make their plans.

During all this, Rosamond's mind was working quickly, making plans for her father who before had been anything but prosperous. She stood beside him straight and fine with her pretty tan face all aglow.

The men worked fast, and after some time, there was less noise. The manager came up to Mr. Haywood.

"My, Boss, but there is sure going to be some profit from that well! She is working great."

But that night a thunder shower came up and Rosamond grew anxious, because she knew that if the well caught fire it would be difficult to stop it. The storm grew worse, Rosamond getting up and going to the window, saw forms running to and fro. She started to dress when shouts of, "Fire," were heard. Hastily she slipped into the rest of her clothes and ran out of the room, leaving Alice and June huddled together, greatly frightened.

The tanks were emptied but things grew worse and it became apparent that someone must open the pipe leading to the well. But no one dared for the boiling oil would spurt out, bringing probable death to him who attempted it.

Rosamond, watching anxiously, saw no one going towards the pipe, so she sprang forward and quickly started to unscrew it. The heat was growing more and more intense.

Later she found herself in the house with the girls crying and her father standing over her. She opened her eyes and heard the manager say:

"Some brave deed, I'll say. Saved the well, she did."

Looking at her father she smiled and closed her eyes to wake up some time after, much rested and happy.

Lovely Flowers

A daisy said to a buttercup gay,
"What a silly color to be!
Why have you not a frilled white dress
With a golden pin like me?"

"Well, daisy fair, I do not care,"
Said the buttercup, jolly fellow.
"For Mother Nature gave to me
This coat of burnished yellow."

"And what a silly world 'twould be!
Just think, my merry dame,
If everyone in looks and ways
Were each the very same."

Just then up spoke a listening flower
As blue as the skies above,
"Forget-me-not, and remember this:
We're all put here for love."

LOUISE WINKLER, June '30.

Winter

The poets sing of days of spring,
Blue skies and budding trees,
Of gentle showers and fragrant flowers,
But I care for none of these.

For I love the sting of the hoary king,
In the days of frost and snow,
And the sparkling white of a moonlit
night,
With winter's gems aglow.

And my pulses thrill as I hear the shrill
Cold voice of the biting blast,
That swirls through the trees, and shrieks
'round the eaves,
As it madly rushes past.

And I love the gay old fashioned sleigh,
That swiftly glides along
O'er the frozen road where the hills and
wood
Fling back the sleigh-bells' song.

And I love the stream with ice a-gleam,
And the shrubs all bending low
On either side, as if to hide
'Neath the glistening mounds of snow.

So let poets sing of days of spring,
Of frail shoots zephyr-tossed,
But there's nought to me can compare
with the glee
Of our wild storm-king Jack Frost.

ERNEST MACDONALD, June '30.

A Midnight Adventure

As the clock struck twelve, five girls slipped out of bed. They were the members of the “Midnight Feasters,” a secret organization at “Miss Briggs’ Select Seminary for Girls.” From underneath their beds they pulled out bundles and boxes of all descriptions, and assembled in the dimly lighted hall.

“Where’s Fat?” whispered Grace, the tallest of the girls.

“O, she’s probably still snoring,” said Betty. “Wait a second, I’ll wake her. Wake up, Fat, wake up!” whispered Betty, “don’t you want some lemon pie?”

At the name of lemon pie Fat sat up in bed with a jump and the spring gave a loud creak.

“Sh!” warned Betty, “hurry up if you are coming.”

“Wait till I get the lemon pie,” said Winnie, “I think it’s in my drawer.”

The six girls, headed by Mary, who carried a candle, tiptoed softly up the dusty attic stairs. Every step seemed to creak under Fat’s hundred and seventy pounds, much to the dismay of the girls.

“You’ll be the death of us yet, Fat!” exclaimed Barbara.

They filed into the dusty, low-eaved attic and Mary ran to pull down the shade. After depositing their food they sat in a circle around Grace, their leader. “Is there any business to come before the meeting?” asked Grace.

“I think we had better cut this meeting short,” said Winnie. “I’m sure Miss Briggs suspects something.”

“I make a motion that we initiate a new member, Kit White, next week,” said Barbara.

“I second”——

“O, let’s eat,” interrupted Fat, “there won’t be any next time if we don’t hurry.”

“Fat, will you keep still for two minutes, or do you want to be put out of this club?” demanded Grace.

“O, I’ll be good, but I can’t help thinking of that lemon pie.”

“I’m taking a French exam tomorrow and I need some sleep,” said Winnie, “let’s eat.”

Everyone made a grab for the boxes. Cakes, bananas, cookies, candy, and the crowning glory—a lemon pie—appeared.

“My, but your mother makes good cake,” said Betty, with her mouth full. “I hope mother sends me a box next week.”

“Sh! What do I hear?” asked Mary.

The girls listened. Yes, there was a creak on the bottom stair.

“Miss Briggs!” exclaimed Winnie, “run for your lives!”

The food was hastily pushed behind boxes and bags, the candle extinguished, and the girls hidden behind the trunks. That is, all but poor Fat, who couldn’t squeeze in back of them. At last Fat got settled and silence reigned.

The attic door opened and there stood Miss Briggs, the prim Matron of the school. In her hand she carried a small kerosene lamp.

“Well, what does this mean?” she demanded as she walked over to the corner where she heard a giggle.

But alas! The girls in their hurry had forgotten to remove the lemon pie. Plunk! Miss Briggs’ slipped foot landed squarely in the middle of the pie.

“Mercy,” she cried, “a mouse!”

Fat groaned, “We’re doomed.”

“Go right down stairs all of you this instant,” commanded Miss Briggs. “We’ll settle this affair tomorrow.”

In five minutes all of the girls were back in bed and poor Fat dreamed the rest of the night about the fated lemon pie.

ALICE MAGNANT, June, ’30.

June

I.

June is the month
Of the summer skies;
June is the time
For the butterflies.

II.

June is the month
Whose beautiful leaves
Look over the hills
And out to the seas.

III.

June is the prettiest
Month of all;
Hear her sing
And shout and call!

IV.

June, what is it
We hear you say?
Vacation time is
Across the way.

ELLEN SMITH, June, ’30.

The Flying Eagle

And the first gray of morning filled the east
 And the fog rose out of Roosevelt Field
 The young American flier thought of his flight,
 He rose and clad himself and entered the hangar.
 He went abroad alone in his monoplane
 Through the clouds he went at times.
 Ten feet above the sea, and then
 Again ten thousand feet on high.
 Through snow and ice and sleet he went.
 Millions of prayers for him were said,
 And the good Lord answered them by guiding him
 northward along
 A fair breeze blew to help the Spirit of St. Louis.
 In single flight incurring single risk he flew
 Over the ocean blue like lightning's flash,
 Across the sky and struck the golden goal, Paris—
 With his own mighty strength at last he found
 The land he ne'er had seen, that lay beyond the
 Atlantic.
 Joy and happiness greeted this courageous youth
 When he arrived. A thrill of pride and glory
 From all the souls of France flew to the hero,
 Whom they awaited.
 He landed safe and sound
 Welcome! Thrice welcome! these eyes could see
 no better sight
 For the son of the Red, White and Blue
 Had accomplished his aim for America.

JOSEPHINE SALVUCCI, June, '30.

From the Diary of a Bit of Paper

MARCH 15

"This morning I was cut down by two woodsmen, therefore, here I lie on the snow-covered ground waiting to be carried off. Like me, many of my neighboring trees are lying about on the ground.

APRIL 20

"What's this I hear? Men and horses too! Now I am going to be taken from my only home. The only consolation that I have is that some of my lifelong friends will be taken along with me.

"Now those men are hitching me with a chain to the horses. Ow! being dragged through the woods is not a very gentle process!

APRIL 30

"Alas! I am doomed to be sawed up, for here I am in the Connecticut River, floating amidst many logs just like me, cut down for no reason and floated to the sawmill. There is the mill; I can hear the saws screaming from here. Here come some men who will put a chain around me and these other logs and lift us out of the river to the mill.

MAY 1

"Oh, a different fate! I am not to be cut into boards, but made into paper. Here I go into the grinders; goodbye for awhile.

MAY 15

"Now I am a large piece of brown paper, part of a larger sheet. What a fibre-wracking life I have led! I've been ground, boiled in a brown liquid, put through containers and sieves, pressed, rolled, and then yesterday a big truck took me to this toy store.

MAY 17

"Here comes the clerk. Now I am to be put to work. Hurrah!! I am to be used in wrapping a box of tin soldiers. There, the bundle is all tied up.

"A very pleasant man is carrying me under his arm and whistling as though he were very happy. I wonder where he is taking me?

"We have arrived. I am in a hospital and the man is taking the soldiers to a sick little boy. I am really helping a bit to make someone happy. The little boy is tearing me into pieces, but the nurse is now picking me up and putting me in the wastebasket. Ah, I can see the sick boy as he enjoys the contents of the package around which I was wrapped.

"Wonder where I shall go next?"

JAMES WILLSON, June, '30.

Favorite Last Words

(HEARD ON THE FIRST FLOOR)

TIME: During school hours.

PLACE: In the different classrooms.

CHARACTERS: Teachers and pupils.

ROOM 2: Haslett Robinson, you sit down and stay down!

ROOM 3: Did your father write this excuse? It looks very "fishy." All right, I'll see you after school.

ROOM 6: Did you forget your excuse again? You come with me!

ROOM 10: What do you people think you are in school for? When you apply for a position, no man will hire a girl who never does any studying. Now turn to exercise one-forty-one.

ROOM 12: George Hussey, turn around and keep still. I didn't ask you anything.

Little children should be seen and not heard.

ROOM 1 (DETENTION): What's your name, my boy? All right, I'll add on another hour. When you begin to keep still your time will count and not until!!! Understand?

SAMUEL HUSSEY, June, '30.

The Hold-up

Years ago, when robbers were a terror to the highways of England, a party of gentlemen and ladies were traveling by coach to London. As they became better acquainted they fell into conversation, and, as was quite natural, their talk drifted toward robberies and what should be done if the coach was attacked. All were more or less nervous, especially one gentleman who confessed that he had with him twenty pounds. A lady more calm than the rest suggested that he hide his money in his boot, a bit of advice which he acted upon at once.

Not many minutes later the robbers actually appeared. The door was thrown open, and a masked villain demanded money. Thereupon the lady spoke up promptly and said, "You will find what you want in that gentleman's boots." Off came the boots and away went the robber, evidently satisfied with his find. When asked to explain her seemingly unpardonable conduct, the lady declined for the time being, but invited all the passengers to dine with her the following evening at her London home. After dinner she would explain all to their complete satisfaction.

After dinner (when the people were in the lady's home) she said to them, "You were perhaps surprised when I told the robber where to find the money, but I am now going to tell you why I did so.

"I am Madam Bluburne. You have heard of me? Yes, I am a detective. I was sent by the Head Commissioner of Scotland Yard to trap the robbers who are holding up the coaches, as it is believed that they are of the same gang.

"I found my clew which led me to believe that a gang of desperate men were the robbers. I worked on the clew and

found my theory to be correct. The next thing was to capture the men.

"I learned that the men were going to hold up the coach to London and I planned to have the robbers caught that night. In the coach when I told the robbers where the money was I wanted time for my men to get on the road to wait for them. The robbers did not suspect me as I am a woman and women are supposed to tell everything when they are frightened. You perhaps did not hear the commotion down the road a way as you were frightened, but my ears were strained and I heard, with satisfaction, two short whistles, signals which meant that my men had captured the robbers. I wanted to tell you at some other time the reason for my behavior was because the coachman was also a bandit, and if he had heard what I had done he would have warned his comrades."

There were exclamations of surprise at her story and the man who had been robbed of twenty pounds cried, "But my money!"

Madam Bluburne, meanwhile taking out a package of money from a desk, answered, "Here is your money you were robbed of and one bit of advice to all, never let anyone know what money you have, for if I had been the robbers' ally, where would your money be?"

The people went away satisfied and of course Madam got her reward for trapping the robbers.

ALICE BLAKE, June '30.

Good
Obliging
Original
Diligent
Serene
Polite
Earnest
Efficient
Dependable
2—4—6—8

Whom do we appreciate?
Mr. Goodspeed!

ROOM 28.

Jim Lury's Romance

(CONCLUDED)

Quickly, then, Jim put Chick in the car waiting outside and drove swiftly to their mystery house. When they arrived there, they found out that the house had been robbed and their secret vault discovered.

"Some clever fellow has done this job," put in Jim.

"Guess you're right," said Jip Parsons, the owner of the car that had carried Chick to the house. "Guess our best move is to tell the gang at the club."

So, after a scant inspection of the room, they picked up Chick, put him in the car, and sped off.

In a dimly lighted room of the Club, plans of revenge were being plotted when suddenly the door was thrown open and the men were confronted by the pistols of four detectives. But almost simultaneously, Jim had snapped out the lights. A shot rang out in the sudden blackness, but the cornered men had slid quickly through a secret panel and fled down a winding passage which led to an emergency door.

"Phew," gasped Jim. "Some narrow escape!"

"Rather," snapped Chick with a wry smile. "Come on, let's make for the mystery house. This arm is no Sunday School picnic."

When they were in sight of the house, they noticed two policemen guarding every entrance. The only way to get in was by their secret tunnel, known only to a few members of the gang.

"By the tunnel, it's the only way now," said Tom.

The secret tunnel began in a water main in the alley, led to the cellar, up through the fake furnace, and then up to any floor in the house.

They went to the water main, opened it and started to go through the narrow and stifling tunnel to the house. When they arrived at the furnace, they heard the sound of two persons talking and knew that the cops were there before them.

"Come on, we'll take a look at this furnace," said one of the voices. Immediately loud tappings and rattlings reverberated through the furnace. Then with a clang the door was flung open. The waiting men held their breath, but, as the secret door behind which they were hiding was located in back of the furnace, the police failed to notice it.

A sigh of relief escaped from all. Then, after the footsteps were heard treading up the stairs, Jip whispered, "Let's go to the next floor."

As they were noiselessly making their way up the pipe, a crash was heard, and suddenly Jim felt himself clutched in a strangle hold. Wildly he struck out, when he and his captor started to slip—down! down! down!

Then a voice: "Sufferin' cats, who do you think you are, Sharkey? First you punch me in the eye, next in the stomach! And when I try to grab you, you yank us both out of bed! Absotively, Jim Lury, this is the last time I sleep with you after seein' a crook movie!"

"Chick," gasped Jim, "but where's the furnace and the—?"

"Furnace!" shrieked Chick. "Down cellar where it belongs. Think we'd moved it to the roof!"

"N-no, but I, well——"

But the bang of a slamming door interrupted his thoughts.

ALBERT BUTTE, June, '30.

The Departure

Spreading white sails to a friendly breeze,
Thrusting her keel deep into the seas,
The schooner cleft the watery paths
Leaving a wake as an aftermath.

The morrow would bring the fishing ground;
Already was heard the fog horn's sound.
The lines were made ready; the nets unpacked,
The cleaning knives taken from where they were
stacked.

The fishers prepared for the strenuous stay,
Ready for risks should risks come their way.
Thus through the years runs the fisherman's life,
A continuous routine of hardship and strife.

WILLIAM GRIFFIN, '30.

A Modern Mariner

(Junior High, 8.30 o'clock)
It is a Modern Mariner
And he stoppeth one of two.
“Oh help me, help me, with this French
It really makes me blue.”

“I’ve tried, I’ve tried, I’ve tried again,
But still I cannot tell,
Just why you put that ‘vous’ before
The verb that means ‘to sell’.”

“Good grief,” the other quickly said,
“Why ask me that I pray?
You know that I’m as dumb as you!”
And hurried on his way.

The Modern Mariner still stood,
A truly sorry sight.
His lesson for that French was due,
Yet nothing helped his plight.

“No loitering in the corridors!”
A voice came through the air.
“Hang the traffic, I won’t move!”
And he blest them unaware.

Then courage slowly came to him,
He started on his way
Toward the room he dreaded so.
Where disaster surely lay.

His teacher stood there at the door,
An idea came to him.
Why not ask her to explain?
Eftsoons there came a grin.

I need not tell you any more,
For you can eas’ly guess;
His teacher gladly told him,
And cleared this awful mess.

A little hint he’ll give to you,
And this is what he’ll say;
“Don’t be afraid to ask the one
Who’ll help you more each day.”
AVICE C. MORTON, June, ’30.

Ask Us Another

What teacher’s name means:

1. A conflict and a leafy dale?
2. A Scotch word for know, plus four letters?
3. A sphere with which we play, and what some fish are?
4. What one does to a door-knob, plus “er”?
5. The opposite of black?
6. What a spider spins?
7. A man who shoes horses?
8. What a haddock is?
9. What a chestnut grows in, plus the first two letters of keel?

10. The progress which a Rolls Royce makes?
11. A soap which makes “a skin you love to touch”?
12. An adjective applied to a native of a part of the British Isles?
13. A ruler in Europe?
14. A disguise which Ivanhoe assumed?
15. The way we like toast?
16. What we should never tell, and a lion’s home?
17. What nickels and dimes contain?
18. Formerly a common way to punish a man?
19. The name of the street on which Shakespeare was born by changing one letter?
20. French for enter, and mountain, preceded by the letter “d”?

Among Ourselves

A—Artist.....	Stephen Follett
B—Bashful.....	James Russo
C—Comedian.....	Robert Russo
D—Dramatics.....	Avice Morton, Roland Cooper
E—Exultant.....	Clifton Taber
F—Falling.....	Ceiling in Room 4
G—Generous.....	Nobody
H—High Bailiff.....	Ruby Dakers
I—Inquisitive.....	Edwin Calvin
J—Jumper.....	John McKay
K—Katzenjammer Kids.....	Paul Hamill, Herbert Hanson
L—Lively.....	Hazard Robinson, William Dakers
M—Marathon Runners.....	James Willson, Lloyd Messenger
N—Napoleon.....	Ary Pimental
O—Orator.....	Harold Slate
P—Patiant.....	David Sandlovitz
Q—Quiet.....	Isadore Gotlieb
R—Roamers.....	John Dunning, Clifford Butler
S—Shoemakers.....	Albert Taylor
T—Thoroughbred.....	Tom, (the school cat)
U—Useful.....	Gerard Groder
V—Violinist.....	Angelo DiTullio
W—Writer.....	Lillian Pearce
X—Xhausted.....	Ernest Macdonald
Y—Youthful.....	Daniel Keeler
Z—Zealous.....	Mabelle Hanson

J. B. GROSSMAN, 2nd, June, ’30.

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Un Jour D’Avril

C’ était un beau jour d’avril. Le soleil était très chaud. Les arbres étaient tout verts, et les oiseaux et les enfants chantaient très gaiement. Tout de suite un nuage traverse le soleil et mon sentier est

couvert d'ombre. Le ciel devient sombre et gris et je sais que nous allons avoir une de pluies dont avril est fameux. Les enfants courent chez eux de tous les côtés. La pluie descend à verse. Les rues sont pleines d'eau. Presque aussitôt qu'elle commençait la pluie s'est arrêtée et encore le soleil brillait avec éclat.

SILVIA BIANCHI, June, '30.

Le Pique-nique

Tout le monde arrive à l'église pour partir pour la campagne ou on va faire un pique-nique. Chacun a sou dejeuner. Maintenant les automobiles arrivent. Quel bunit! Regardez les enfants qui courent et sautent. Tout le monde est heureux.

Nous arrivons à la campagne à dix heures. D'abord nous prenons les déjeuners et les habits et nous cherchons un lieu pour manger. A midi tout le monde prendt sou dejeuner et va à sa place. Il n'y a pas de bruit alors parce que chacun s'occupe. Après le dejeuner on ramasse le débris et encore nous cherchons quelque chose. Cetti fois ce sont des fleurs.

A quatre heures nous entendons sonner la grosse cloche qui annonce les courses. Les prix sont des bonbons ou des rubans, bleus ou rouges.

A cinq heures les automobiles viennent pour nous conduire chez nous. Et le soir tous les enfants se couchent et se desent "Je voudrais autant m'amuser un autre jour."

CONISTON LEES.

Les Plaisanteries

III. Le critique—"Vraiment, cet acteur est bien terrible."

"C'est mon fils."

"En effet, il a du être la faute de la mauvaise direction."

"Les directeur est mon mari."

"Mais peut être qu'il ne pouvait rien faire avec une telle pièce qui est si stupide."

"Je l'ai écrite."

IV. "Mais ce portrait ce me fait paraître beaucoup plus âgée que je le suis," Madame "est opposée."

"Voilà sa beauté, Madame," l'artiste a répondu. "D'aujourd'hui dix ans il sera même une meilleure ressemblance de vous qu'il l'est maintenant."

Fabula de Galba

Olim in Roma pour erat appellatus Galba et nautam voluit fieri Cater autem id eum facere non permisit. Galba tantum ire voluit ut consti tueret fugere.

Paulo ante mediam noctem fugit domo et ad litus ivit. Navis ibi fuit et Galba eam conscendit. Paulo post, navis ab litore navigavit.

Sex post annis, navis Romam iterum navigavit. Galba voluit videre matrem patremque. Tam lactus erat ut domi manere et non nauta esse constitueret.

GRACE LUCE, June, '30.

Civitas
Elegantia
Nobilitas
Temperantia
Ratio
Amicitia
Liberalitas

Justitia
Unitas
Natura
Industria
Opera
Robor

Honestas
Ius
Gaudium
Honor

HILJA MALMSTROM, June, '30.

De Puero

Parvus puer saepe dicebat, "Habeo ibam," vice "Ivi." Uno die magister post ludum eum tenuit et eum centiens "Ivi domum" scribere iussit. Dum id scribebat enus magister abibat. Is finem scribendi fecit et epistolam in magistri scrinio relinquere et domum ire constituit. Haec eius epistula erat.

Carus magister,

Feci finem scribendi "Ivi dumum" centiens et iam habeo ibam.

FLORENCE WHITTEMORE, June, '30.

Latina Lingua

Omnes mortui sunt qui eam scripsesunt,
Omnes mortui sunt qui eam locuti sunt,
Omnes morientur qui eam discunt,
Beata mors, cum certe mesuerint.

ALICE MAGNANT, June, '30.

Greetings in Different Lands

Greeks say: "What do you do?"

Arabs say: "Salem"—"Peace."

Persians say: "May your shadow never grow less."

Dutch say: "Go with God, happily."

Russians say: "Zdrastvouytye"—"Be well."

English say: "How do you do?"

French say: "Bonjour"—"Good day"; or "Comment vous portez vous"—"How do you carry yourself?"

Argentines say: "Hasta luego"—"May we meet again."

Italians say: "Buon giorno"—"Good day."

Lithuanians say: "Sabe diena"—"Good day"; or "Sveikas"—"Be well."

—From the LITHUANIAN JUNIOR RED CROSS MAGAZINE.

See Washington First!

All boys and girls of Greater Boston, to whom the months of April, May, June and July bring no less than four patriotic holidays, should have a special interest in that national shrine of our forty-eight states—the city of Washington. If every young person could visit our National Capitol before reaching the age of twenty, I believe we should have little to fear from unpatriotic sources.

Whether your arrival in Washington is by night, and you catch the inspiration of the Capitol rotunda beacon (denoting a night session of Congress) or your first impression is by day, you would be lacking in emotional feeling if you could not realize that here was more than an ordinary city. Other American cities may have their cauldrons of industry, their furnaces of finance, their skyscrapers, parks and memorials; but in Washington there is an atmosphere of cleanliness, of quiet refinement, of intelligent leisure and rational prosperity which one suddenly realizes is exactly what he hoped to find. I doubt if any visitor to Washington has come away disappointed.

Here are centered the memories, hopes, and ambitions of the whole nation. No matter where you go there is always a

thrill to be had. The tropical and Latin atmosphere of that beautiful Pan-American structure, the realistic Red Cross war and peace exhibit, the stately and beautiful Daughters of the American Revolution building with its thirteen pillars as a facade and its period rooms and furnishings surrounding the hall where met the Washington Conference for Disarmament—all will grip you.

And then to the most beautiful and eloquent of all memorials—that for Lincoln—a perfect setting, with the horizon for its background and a workmanship which seems more than human. That masterpiece, the pure white rows of benches and colonnades at Arlington Cemetery, historic Alexandria, and Mount Vernon in all the soft splendor of early spring, with the shimmering bosom of the Potomac in front, and green carpets and foliage on the other three sides—none of these can escape the memory.

And so we might go on to the intricacies of Smithsonian with its lure of specimens, evidences of the milestones in all fields of human achievement, to the more mechanical workhouses of government business and operation, the galleries of art, the interesting and unexcelled treasures, the staircase at the Library of Congress, famous and familiar personalities at the Capitol itself; the White House, that old Lincoln collection opposite Ford's Theatre, the old boarding house to which Lincoln was carried and where he died, the Lincoln furniture, a lock of the martyred President's hair, and other intimate articles—all deserve your time.

Washington by night, with its conservative amusements, its lighted embassies, its peaceful and shaded residential sections! Here and there one of those pure white department buildings punctuate the end or corner of the thoroughfare.

Let every boy and girl of high school age resolve to make the pilgrimage to our national shrine, and there imbibe something of the greatness of past achievements, become fully conscious of the true nationalism of our existence, and tune himself to the keynote of the American spirit.

MR. WEBB.

The Present Conditions in Mexico

(As observed by one of our classmates who has lived there.)

The present conditions in Mexico are the result of many and various causes. In the first place, Mexico is handicapped by its human factors. A great many of the early inhabitants of Mexico were of Mediterranean blood, thus, the people are romantic, idealistic, poetical, and are not given to deep thinking. They are impracticable, unbusinesslike. They are rather bound in their racial relations, and marry the Indian race. These facts account a great deal for the present conditions in the young republic of the South.

Mexico, too, because of its high altitude, possesses all kinds of climates.

The country is also handicapped by its railroads and highways which are not the very best, because of the many mountain ranges, which make construction difficult and sometimes prohibitive.

However, Mexico is waking up. The younger element is becoming aware of the fact that for a country to be progressive, economically and industrially, it has to learn for itself the requirements of modern society.

I think we may look for greater things in the republic below the Rio Grande.

ALICIA CORRAL, June, '30.

English for Freshmen

I.

First comes the book of How to Study
How did Mr. Sandwick write it?
Don't we know enough of that?
And none of us quite like it!

II.

Irving's Sketch-Book next we read;
It was good, I'll vouch for that.
Irving told of Shakespeare's life,
And of the chair in which he sat.

III.

The Ancient Mariner then we learned,
On a trip through ice and sleet,
Sallied forth with a ghostly crew.
Such things as they did meet!

IV.

Sohrab and Rustum had their share,
Enoch Arden and Philip Ray,
And good old Hitchcock, never fear,
Oh me, oh my, oh say!

V.

We studied then of Venus fair,
Apollo, Juno, Daphne, too,
A god from here and a goddess there,
And things the Greeks thought them to do!

VI.

And last of all came Shakespeare's life,
The theatre, Greek and English;
Antonio, Bassanio,
Fair Portia—and we finish!

DOROTHY ELLIOTT, June, '30.

Civics

In Social Civics, Miss Burke's first semester students have just completed a project on the problems of modern community life. The problems worded similarly to "How does a community, and especially Quincy, take care of its health problem?" comprised health, police and fire protection, recreation, civic beauty, and industry. Reports from each student with appropriate pictures and clippings were prepared in the form of a booklet for each problem.

An editorial staff was then chosen with Esther Dewey, editor-in-chief, assisted by Americo Risio, Thelma Dawe, Mildred Platner, Elizabeth Johnston, Vesta Calderwood, Angel Rahaim, Eben Hedman and Arthur Cossaboom. From all the booklets the best material was chosen for six class booklets, an extra one being done on the history of the "City of Presidents."

Material was also selected for the new bulletin board. This board was made in the manual training department under the direction of Mr. King.

The penmanship classes of Miss Brown and Miss Donovan copied the booklet reports in excellent penmanship, adding greatly to the appearance of the work.

The printed signs on the bulletin board and the booklet covers and designs were the excellent work of the pupils in Miss White's drawing divisions.

The correlation requiring such teamwork proved very interesting, and the tangible result will be of benefit to future classes.

ATHLETICS

Support Your Team

We all like to see our team win, but a team cannot always win, particularly when it has no support.

I believe, as do many other people, that half the chance of winning a game or meet lies in the support given by the team's rooters.

When you go to an athletic contest, cheer your team and cheer it hard, but do not try to offer advice. The coach will take care of that; he knows best.

Recently I had the pleasure of hearing Clarence De Mar, the great marathoner, speak. He said that applause is all right, but the trouble is that everyone wants to give the runner advice, when he himself knows far better how to run the race. This holds true in any form of athletics, so always remember when you go to a game or meet, to cheer hard and let the players do the playing.

JAMES WILLSON.

Tennis

During this semester, many friendly tennis matches have been played. The pupils have used and enjoyed very much the privilege of playing tennis in the gymnasium. We feel sure that we have made a good start in establishing tennis as one of the chief school sports.

In the boys' tournament, Robert Harcourt and Robert Brady were the only ones who survived the semi-finals. In the finals, Harcourt beat Brady in two straight sets, 8-6, 6-0.

Mary McCarthy and Doris Carpenter were the only finalists in the girls' tourna-

ment. The latter won by defeating the former by following scores: 6-1, 1-6, 6-4, 6-4.

Baseball

Sixty-eight boys answered the call for baseball. Mr. Lynch is the coach. After a great deal of difficulty, the squad was finally cut down to twenty-two. Following is the squad, captained by James Crawford: Conti, Crawford, Smith, McNiece, Griffin, Taylor, Lazurus, Harts-horne, Desmond, Bailey, Pellegrini, Deady, Sandlovitz, Mattson, Olson, Duane, Gheradi, Gilrairie, Brady, McCue, Dhooge and Manner.

Of the ten games played, Junior High has won nine and lost one. Bruno Conti is the star pitcher. Bill Bailey is the longest hitter, and Ted Olson has the highest batting average. All the boys have played and hit well, performing especially well in the pinches and tight places.

The scores of the games are as follows:

- C. J. H. S., 5; Braintree High Seconds, 3.
- C. J. H. S., 12; Milton Junior High, 3.
- C. J. H. S., 8; North Junior High, 7.
- C. J. H. S., 4; Milton Junior High 0.
- C. J. H. S., 4; Quincy High Seconds, 7.
- C. J. H. S., 6; Faculty, 4.
- C. J. H. S., 12; North Junior High, 2.
- C. J. H. S., 12; Braintree High Seconds, 6.
- C. J. H. S., 4; Milton Junior High, 2.
- C. J. H. S., 7; North Junior High, 4.

There is one more game to be played with the Senior High Second team. The date, as yet, is uncertain.



CENTRAL HIGH BASEBALL TEAM

Faculty Game

Central Junior High beat the Faculty, 6-4. Following is the lineup for the Faculty: Lazurus, catcher; King, pitcher; Goodspeed, first base; Fish, second base; Webb, third base; Lynch, shortstop; Acorn, leftfield; Whiting, centerfield; Connors, rightfield.

This is the lineup for Central: Mattson, centerfield; Pellegrini, shortstop; Bailey, second base; Olson, rightfield; Desmond and Gheradi, first base; Deady, third base; Taylor, catcher; Sandlovitz, leftfield; Conti, pitcher.

Track

About sixty boys came out for track. They started in on their real training after the spring vacation under the direction of Mr. Fish, the coach. They were divided into two teams, the Odds and the Evens. In a practice track meet, the Odds easily whipped the Evens. The events in which the squad participated are: Seventy-five yard dash, two hundred twenty yard dash, four hundred forty yard run, high jump, broad jump, eight pound shot put and relay racing.

Following are the track meets and their scores:

Senior High Seconds, 29; C. J. H. S., 30.
Weymouth High Seconds, 11; C. J. H. S., 43.
Milton Academy Seconds, 16½; C. J. H. S., 42½.
Senior High Seconds, 23; C. J. H. S., 36.

Heard in Room 4 (during a discussion of Figures of Speech):

Miss C.: "The horse flew across the plain. What figure of speech do you find in that, William?"

William H.: "That must have been a horse-fly."

Teacher: "The moon looks like silver. To what class of objects does moon belong?"

Bright One: "Oh, the higher class."

The first track meet was the most exciting for, of course, Junior High wanted to win its opening trial. The score was 29 to 25 in favor of Senior High before the last event, the relay race, was run off. Wind, Marland, Messenger and Blake were running the relay for Central Junior High, and they ran as if their lives depended upon it. Marland, the third runner, gave Blake, the anchor man, a lead of about thirty feet, and this lead was kept until the end. Thus Junior High beat the Senior High Seconds, 30 to 29.

Central Junior High won the other track meets with ease. In all of them they displayed a high calibre of teamwork and quality. If they continue to perform as they have done, they will run away with the remaining track meet, which is with the Milton High Second team, on June 15th.

James Willson is captain of the squad, which is exceptionally fine. Willson is also the high scorer of the team, with 34 points to his credit. The other outstanding performers have been Marland, Messenger, Blake, Wind, McKay, Calvin, Kurtis and Kirkland.

Following are the records for each event:

75-yd. dash—Lloyd Messenger, 8 4/5 seconds.
220-yd. dash—Stanley Marland, 25 1/5 seconds.
440-yd. run—Thomas Blake, 57 seconds.
High Jump—John McKay, 5 ft. ¾ inch.
Broad jump—James Willson, 18 ft. 6 inches.
Shot-put—Max Kurtis, 42 ft. 11 inches.

"Hey, there, feller! What yo' all runnin' for?"

"I'se gwine to stop a big fight."

"Who's all fightin'?"

"Jes' me an' another feller!"

Magician: "Why, here's a quarter in your eye, sir. How'd it ever get there?"

Farmer: "Well, I swear, it must be that penny I swallowed twenty-five years ago."



Notice posted in New Hampshire town:

"By order of the Selectmen, cows grazing by the roadside or riding bicycles on the sidewalks is hereafter forbidden."

An Englishman who was much impressed with our slang phrase, "So's your old man," was telling friends about it upon his return home:

"Your fawthah is the same way. Haw! Haw! Clevah, isn't it!"

"Still driving the flivver?"

"Oh, yes, sir, as still as I can!"

Quotations from Our English Themes

"Sohrab was at first winning the combat, but after Rustum killed him Sohrab finally lost.

Rustum was overcome and promised to cover Sohrab's head with pillows over his grave."

"The Gorgons were three sisters that lived in the Islands of the Hesperides in the Indian Ocean. They had long snakes for hair, tusks for teeth, claws for nails, and they looked like women, only more horrible."

"The well water had a queer taste so the man decided to send it to the State Department and have it tantalized" (analyzed).

Mark Twain was addressed one day by a woman who wished to impress him:

"Do you know that the word 'sumac' is the only word in the English language spelled 'su' and pronounced as 'sh'."

"Sure," quoth Mark Twain.

Less Wild and Less Woolly

Sick Horse Creek, Alberta, Canada.—Golf is having a refining influence on our community. It is no longer considered etiquette to draw a gun on Main Street without hollering, 'Fore!"

—THE SASKATOON (CAN.) DAILY STAR.

Among the track men (after the group picture was developed):

All: "Good picture of you, but isn't it awful of me!"

Showing Up Teacher

One: "Well, I showed up the teacher before the whole class today!"

The Other: "Wise us up. How?"

One: "She asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg Address 'n' I had to tell her he never lived there."

Conundrums on Authors

1. A slang expression—Dickens.
2. An animal and what she cannot do—Cowper.
3. A kind of linen—Holland.
4. One who is more than sandy shore—Beecher.
5. To agitate a weapon—Shakespeare.
6. A lion's home where there is no water—Dryden.
7. Very rapid—Swift.
8. What fire does—Burns.
9. A worker in precious metals—Goldsmith.
10. Residences—Holmes.
11. A lady's garment—Hood.
12. Son of Steven—Stevenson.
13. City of England—London.
14. Maker of barrels—Cooper.

MARY J. LINDH, June, '30.

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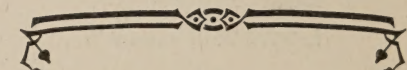
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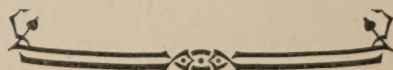
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